

The ALEPOO Monthly NEWS

Official Publication
of
ALEPOO TEMPLE

A·A·O·N·M·S

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Aleppo Monthly News

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Published monthly in the interests of Shrinedom

Potentate
Chief Rabban

Assistant Rabban
High Priest and Prophet
Oriental Guide

Recorder
Treasurer

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No. 1

Editorial

YOUR POTENTATE wishing to give the Nobles of Aleppo Temple the most active year they have ever had has made plans to give the Nobles and their families a FREE FUNCTION EVERY MONTH this year.

In order to keep the Nobles posted on these free functions he has decreed that we shall have our own monthly magazine. This magazine will be mailed to the entire membership each month without charge. It will contain interesting reading matter pertaining to the activities of Shrinedom in North America as well as those of our own Temple.

We will strive to make this magazine one that every Noble will be proud of. A publication that he will not only read himself and be proud of, but one he will show to his many friends.

Realizing that every Shriner is a Mason and is interested in masonic activities we will devote as much space as possible each month to our Mother Fraternity.

We are not unmindful of the responsibility that administrating a magazine of this nature brings with it. The work entrusted to us of presenting the activities of Aleppo Temple and Shrinedom which we want you to know of, is a task we are eager to undertake. For it cannot be denied that presenting to the Nobility of one of the largest Fraternal organizations in North America something we are all interested in and love, is indeed an interesting and pleasant undertaking. We who are preparing these pages for your enjoyment think of our task much more as an opportunity than as a responsibility.

The Nobles and friends who are advertising in our monthly issues are assisting in making this publication possible. We vouch for them and they deserve your consideration.

Don't forget Nobles! This is your magazine. We are going to print the things we believe you will be interested in. Write and tell us how you like it. Suggestions will be appreciated.

POTENTATE'S MESSAGE

PATROL NEWS

By NOBLE

Advertising

The advertising columns of the ALEPPO MONTHLY News are not just for a selected few. They're open to all you business men who have something to sell, and you cannot expect the boys to know you are in business unless you tell them so. Rates may be obtained by calling.

What the Shrine Means

It's Not Just a Badge and an Occasional Session, but a Year-Around Worth-While Contact

A MAN who travels much once said that the Shrine emblem was the best letter of introduction he ever carried. He has worn it practically all over the world, and he seldom failed to find a friend, no matter where he went.

Someone else said that the emblem is the open sesame to half a million friendships.

It's that! and as much more as you care to make it.

In the first place it is a guarantee that a body of responsible men have investigated you and found you to be of good repute. It's an open announcement that you are the sort of man the other fellow wants to know. It's an acknowledgement that you are out for a wholesomely good time.

Backed by the year card it is a badge of responsibility and standing.

"It's something to be lived up to, but if you live up to the scimiter and crescent you'll find friends—good ones—everywhere."

You don't need a formal introduction to any other Noble. Just smile and nod and your contact is made. He knows you're all right. You know he's all right.

But the Shrine is like everything else worthwhile. It has its duties as well as its privileges. If you want to be greeted, be ready to greet. Meet the strange Noble in the same manner you want to be met. Just a smile and a nod in passing will mean a lot to both of you, when there is no time for more intimate contact. Be on the lookout for the button and always greet it with a smile. Be ready to return a recognition passed you.

Old man Mohammed wrote the ticket when he invented the Koran and blamed it on the Angel Gabriel. He said: "When ye are greeted with a greeting, greet ye with a better greeting, or at least return it."

That ought to be written into the ritual of the Shrine instead of being merely the unwritten tradition. Greet ye with a better greeting, or at least return it.

We've been getting away from that a little in the past few years, but a real old timer never goes past the emblem without a cheery "Hello, Noble!" and he expects the same thing in return. If he's a real Shriner that's all he does expect.

Good fellowship is the very essence of Shrinedom, and the more it is practiced the wider the gospel will spread.

Value your membership, and make it valued by others. You'll be surprised at what the emblem holds for you if you go about it in the right spirit.

Back in the old days every proposer told his candidate that he was supposed to bow to the emblem. And we all did. Today some have forgotten this important part of the instruction, but if your proposer was lax, you know it now.

Make it a rule never to pass the emblem without a smiling recognition, and you'll soon value the button badge as something not to be bought for a price.

* * * *

Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children

IN the twelve years the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children have been in existence they have cared for 48,000 crippled children. If this number could be brought together what a mighty regiment it would make. In it would be some of the men and women of to-morrow who, because of the care they have received, are able to face the world without the handicap of a deformity.

To most of us there come moments when faith, courage and the spirit of humanity seem to have departed from a selfish world and life loses its meaning. When such a time comes to you, we would suggest that you visit the nearest Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children and have your faith in the fundamental unselfishness of mankind and your hope for the future restored. There, before your eyes, will be unfolded miracles of modern orthopaedic surgery, miracles which make whole the bodies of thousands of little crippled children, engendering new hope, and injecting joy and laughter into the lives of those whose previous memories were shrouded in pain, poverty, and helplessness.

How proud and happy every member of the Order must be who follows the course of his small contribution until he sees it fused into this great organization which transforms crippled, useless limbs into straight, useful members, and illuminates with bright hope the heavy hearts of handicapped children.

Birth of the Hospitals

When we speak of Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children, there is doubtless a question in some of our lay-readers' minds as to the significance of the word "Shriner." A member of the Masonic Order is not necessarily a Shriner, but a Shriner is always a Mason. While the Shrine has often been termed the playground of Masonry, the beautiful principles of Masonry are exemplified in no finer way than in that great charity, the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children, operated and owned by The Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America.

BAND NOTES

By NOBLE

Walter Smith our Band Leader says that some of the best artists on the radio get credit for a "sour" note once in awhile. He said that the reason is always due to the turning on of a switch on some household appliance.

* * *

Noble Henry Jones has just returned from a trip around the world. He has some very interesting stories to tell regarding the conditions in other countries. He couldn't bring back a camel from the Orient, but he did bring back an original Turkish fez with him which he will sport round our meetings.

* * *

Noble Al Keefe who is one of our French horn players is ill at home 110 N. Common Street, Lynn. He would be pleased to see any of the boys and it would help him to pass the long hours in bed.

"ON THE SICK LIST"

"THE BEAN POT"

Personal news of the Nobility

Howdy, Stranger?

_____ will probably find a good many strange fezzes in our midst. Make these boys feel at home. Don't let 'em stand around in the corners but drag 'em out and introduce 'em around among the other Nobles. Remember Aleppo is The Friendly Temple.

* * *

At Noble _____ Filling Station
—"Five gallons, please."

"Okay, How's your oil?"

"Just gas please."

"How about a bottle of Shinola—
great for lacquer; your bus is all covered
with traffic film."

"Nope, just the gas."

"Your left rear tire's pretty well shot.
Better let me put on a new one; we're
selling puncherproof today for—"

"No, the gas will be all."

"How long since you had a grease job?
Everything looks kinda dry—hear that
body squeak?"

"Haven't time today—just the gas
this time."

"How about one of our electric cigar
lighters—clamp right on your dash and
when you want a—"

"NO, JUST THE GAS."

And the indignant motorist drove
away with his five gallons of gas. Noble
_____ remarked to the bystander:
"That there was Joe Shoemaker, my
barber."

Dad's Story

Five-year-old Arthur awoke at three o'clock in the morning.

"Tell me a story, mother," he begged.
"Quiet, dear," replied his mother.
"Daddy will be in soon and tell us both one."

* * *

One of our Noble's son brought home a report card and on the edge the teacher had written: "Good student; but talks too much."

The card was returned with the Noble's signature and these words: "You should hear his mother."

* * *

An Evolution

My dear Miss Smith;
Dear Miss Smith;
Dear Mary;
Mary Dear;
Dearest Mary;
Mary Darling;
Mary, beloved;
My soulmate;
Darling wife;
Hello, Mame;
Pay to the order of Mrs. Mary S. Doe.
—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.

* * *

"Let me kiss those tears away," he begged tenderly.

She fell into his arms and he was busy for the next few minutes. And yet the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly.

"I'm afraid not," she murmured, "it is hay fever, you know. But go on with the treatment."

* * *

ASKER—"Has anyone commented on the way you drive?"

TELLER—"Yes, one man said, briefly: 'Twenty dollars and costs.' "

* * *

"A Mason" Hidden in

A. A. O. N. M. S.

Some astute and ingenious mind has managed to invent a rebus out of the abbreviation of the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine —A. A. O. N. M. S. Write the first letter of abbreviation, A; the fifth, M; the second, A; the sixth, S; the third, O; the fourth, N. You will find that it spells "a Mason."

It is hardly possible that the founders of the order had the slightest conception that the word, although significant was hidden in the name selected by them for the order of the fez. At least, if they did, there is no history associated with the incident. But, every member of the Shrine is "A MASON".

NEWS FROM THE WRECKING CREW

By NOBLE

Pity Ye Poor Recorder

It is reported that one of the fastidious newly married ladies of this town kneads bread with her gloves on. This incident may be somewhat peculiar, but there are others. The Recorder needs bread with his shoes on; needs bread with his shirt on; he needs bread with his pants on; and unless some of the delinquent members of Aleppo Temple come across before long, he will need bread without anything on, and Boston is no Garden of Eden in the winter time.—Apologies to Melrose (Wisc.) Chronicle.

* * *

What Makes You a Noble

It isn't the Fez makes a Shriner, he sez,
But what's in the head underneath.
You can't make a hero of any old Nero
By crowning his brow with a wreath.
It isn't the hat on your head and all that,
Your money, your title, your car,
It isn't your boodle but what's in your
noodle,
That makes the man that you are.

Whatever you wear on the top of your
hair,
Or the place where your hair ought to be,
Can't make you a Shriner, a single bit
finer,
Than others you happen to see.
It isn't the Fez, makes a Noble, he sez,
But Nobleness morning and night,
Just love one another is what makes you
a Brother,
He sez and I think he is right.

* * *

Your Temple

If you want to have the kind of a Shrine
That's the kind of a Shrine you like,
You don't have to slip
Your clothes in a grip
And go for a long, long hike.
You'll find elsewhere what you left
behind
For there's nothing that's really new.
You knock yourself when you knock
your Shrine;
It isn't your Shrine, it's you.

Real Shrines are not made by men
afraid
Lest somebody else get ahead;
But where everyone works and nobody
shirks
You can raise a Shrine from the dead.
And if you get some fun from a job well
done
The Nobility gets some too
And your Shrine will be what you want
it to be.
It isn't your Shrine, it's you.

—Anonymous.

The origin of the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children can be traced to an inspiration of Noble W. Freeland Kendrick, then Imperial Potentate, who, in his address to the Nobility at Portland, Oregon, in 1920, explained his ideas and proposed that an assessment of \$2.00 be levied against each member to be used for the construction and maintenance of "The Shriners' Home for Friendless, Orphaned and Crippled Children." Subsequent discussion and investigation disclosed the impracticability of a home in the original sense, and the beautiful idea of Noble Kendrick was turned toward the founding of a hospital to cure, or so materially benefit, the crippled children of needy parents that they could take their places in the world as useful citizens. In 1921 a resolution was adopted by the Imperial Council at its meeting in Des Moines, Iowa, authorizing the establishment and equipment of such a hospital, and plans were immediately set in motion to that end.

• • CLASSIFIED . .

Eleven Hospitals — Four Mobile Units

The first hospital was erected at Shreveport, Louisiana, and was opened September 6, 1922. Thus began the great work by which Shriners are known far and near. From that time it has grown, ever striving to catch up with the need, until there are to-day eleven Hospitals and four Mobile Units reaching out their helping hands to suffering childhood in as many different parts of the country.

From the start it was decided that these Hospitals and Mobile Units should be located only in cities where Shrine Temples were situated. The Mobile Units were established with the thought that in certain localities, epidemics — for instance, the dread infantile paralysis — had created the need for immediate assistance, and that when our work had been done there, we could transfer these Mobile Units to other localities where the need was apparent. However, to date none of these Mobile Units has been moved, and they are still unable to catch up with their waiting lists. One of the original five Mobile Units has within the last four years become a Hospital, namely, the one at Honolulu. This was made possible by the beautiful Dowsett Estate gift valued at \$200,000.00, and the John A. McCandless Endowment of \$100,000.00.

TEACHER—"Johnny, if your father earned forty dollars a week and gave your mother half, what would she have?"

JOHNNY—"Heart failure."

CONTENTS

Fast Motion

Two colored boys who had just stolen a sack of chickens were running down the road. "See here, Harry, what foh you figgah out all dese heah flies are a-follerin' us like day is?"

"Dem ain't flies, black boy, dem's buck shot."

* * *

• • CLASSIFIED • •

